As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did prouoke:
Bad child, worſe father, to entice his owne.
To euill ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome, what they did begin,
Was with long vſe, accounted no ſinne.
The beauty of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To ſeeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill and men in awe,
That who ſo aſkt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim lookes do teſtifie.
What enſues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cauſe, who beſt can iuſtifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
with the glory of her praiſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Muſicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gane, to glad her preſence,
The Senate houſe of Planets all did ſit,
To knit in her this beſt perfections

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where ſhe comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her ſubiects, and her though the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men

Her face the booke of praiſes, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleaſures, as from thence
Sorrow were euer rackt, and teſty wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.
You Gods that made me man, and ſway in loue
That haue enflam'd deſire in my breſt,
To taſte the fruite of yon celeſtiall tree,
[Or die in the aduenture] be my helpes,
As I am ſonne and ſeruant to your will,
To compaſſe ſuch a bondleſſe happineſſe.

Anti. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be ſonne to great *Antiochus*

Ant. Before thee ſtands this faire *Heſperides*,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like dragons here affright thee hard,
Her face like heauen, intices thee to view
Her countleſſe glory, which deſert muſt gaine;
And which without deſert becauſe thine eye
Preſumes to reach, all the whole heape muſt die,
Yon ſometimes famous Princes like thy ſelfe,
Drawne by report, aduenturous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeechleſſe tongues, and ſemblance
That without couering, ſaue yon field of ſtarres,
Heere they ſtand martyrs, ſlaine in *Cupids* warres:
And with dead cheekes aduiſe thee to deſiſt,
For going on deaths net, whom none reſiſt.

Per. Antiochus I thanke thee, who hath taught
My fraile mortallity to know it ſelfe,
And by thoſe fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I muſt:
For death remembred, ſhould be like a Myrrour
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to truſt it error:
Ile make my will then, and as ſicke men do,
Who know the world, ſee heauen, but feeling wo
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as erſt they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince ſhould do